pistols were found, one in Leonid's hand, the other on the ground in the left enclosure.

In the evening the soldiers were withdrawn from the prison. Later a guard told me, "Our gang was plain mad. If it hadn't been for the troops, they would have killed the last man here."

After dusk all the guards except those on corridor duty were assembled in the office to celebrate the victory. Stolypin had sent a telegram to the superintendent: "Well done. Expect faithful service from all. His Majesty expresses gratitude to your men." The Governor of the province added a ruble per man for vodka. The guards shouted hurrahs, sang the national anthem. The celebration went on all night—clapping hands, stamping feet, the shrill tunes of an accordion, the tinkle of a balalaika.

The prison doctor and Pushkin were dressing wounds in the hospital corridor. Two or three wounded prisoners were brought into my ward and put on the floor. I asked if somebody would help me put one of them on my cot, but nobody responded. One of the wounded was a boy from Room 12. He recognized me but soon became delirious and died before dawn.

The prison was given over to massacre. Belokos became the absolute ruler. Before the explosion he had been a mean man who made life miserable for the common criminals but was cautious with the politicals. Now he revealed himself as a sadist on the verge of insanity. Among three score guards he picked half a dozen brutes who shared his delight in beating defenseless men. With them he went from wing to wing. He would pace the line of prisoners, looking at their faces, and order his commando, "Take this one!" The victim was dragged to the corridor, thrown on the floor, kicked and beaten to unconsciousness, then dragged to the dark dungeon to recover or die from internal injuries.

Back in Room 12 I found striking changes. Eight men had been killed on the day of the explosion. A few had died of injuries and a few had been transferred to the death row—the section of the prison for persons sentenced to the gallows. Those who remained spoke in whispers. Almost every day Belokos and his commando picked out someone for a beating in the corridor.

My turn came a week after I had come back from the hospital. During the morning inspection Belokos stopped in front of me and shouted, "You, orator! Give me your glasses!" He put my glasses into his wallet and ordered, "Take him!"

Like the others, I was dragged into the corridor and thrown on the floor. There was no feeling of humiliation—as there is no humiliation in being kicked by a horse, bitten by a dog, or mauled